A Collection of choice

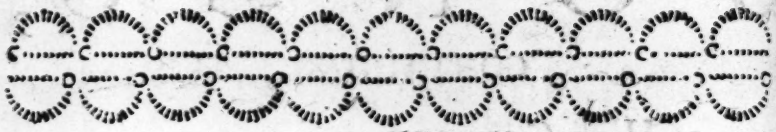
SONGS;

CONTAINING,

11621.b.14

1. High Germany.
2. Mog the Brunette.
3. Vicar and Moſes.
4. The Roving Laſs.

Stockport, printed and ſold by J. Clarke.



High Germany.

O Polly love, O Polly love, the rout is begun
And we muſt all away by the beat of the drum
Go dreſs yourſelf in all your beſt, and go along with me,
And I'll take you to the wars in High Germany.
O my deareſt Billy, mind what you ſay,
My feet they are ſo ſore, I cannot march away;
Beſides my deareſt Billy, I am with child by thee,
Not fit for the wars in High Germany.
I will buy you a horſe, love, if my Polly can ride,

And many a long night I ſhall march by her ſide ;
We will drink at every alehouſe that ever we come nigh,
And we'll roll it on the road, ſweet Molly and I.
O Polly love, O Polly love, I like you very well,
There's but few in the world my Polly can excel ;
But when your babe is born, love, and ſits ſmiling on your knee,
You will think on your Billy that's in High Germany.
Down in yonder valley I made my love a bed
And the ſweeteſt ſoft roſes ſhall be his coverlid ;
With pinks and ſweet violets I will adorn his feet,
Where the fiſhes they are charm'd, the muſic was ſo ſweet.
O Polly love, O Polly love, pray give me your right hand,
And promiſe you will marry me, when I

come to Old England;
I give you my right hand I will not married be,
Till you come from the wars in High Germany.
Woe be to the wars that ever they began,
For they've preſt my Billy, and many a clever man;
For they have took my Billy, no more I ſhall him ſee,
And ſo cold will be his grave in High Germany.
The drum that he beats is cover'd with green,
The pretty lambs a ſporting much pleaſure to be ſeen,
May the birds on the branches hinder my downfal,
The loſing of my true love grieves me worſt of all.

MOG THE BRUNETTE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted ſweet Mog the Brunette,
Who had lips like carnations, and eyes black as jet;
He coax'd and he weedled, and talk'd with his eyes,

And look'd as all lovers do, wonderful wise;
Then swore like a lord how her charms he ador'd,
That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings imylor'd;
For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,
And soon made a conquest of Mog the Brunette.

They pannel'd their dobbins and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fondling until they came there;
They call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,
And Jockey was happy, for Moggy was kind;
'Twas now honey-moon time expir'd too soon,
They revell'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon;
He call'd her his charmer, his joy and his pet,
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the Brunette.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind,
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind;
Surpriz'n at his treatment, she call'd to her mate,
Why Jockey you're alter'd most strangely of late,
Come on, fool, he cry'd, thou now art my bride,
And when fools are wed, they lay fooling aside;
Hard words and foul names were the best she could get,
Strange usage this, sure, for sweet Mog the Brunette.

He took home poor Mog, new conduct to learn,
She brush'd up the house while he thatch'd the old barn,
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do;
As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,
'Twixt kindness and faults pass the morn, noon & night
To his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,
And wishes the devil had Mog the Brunette.

VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the ſign of the Horſe, old Spintext of courſe,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,
O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleaſant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical ſot,
Toll de rol, &c.
The ev'ning was dark, when in comes the clerk,
With reverence due and ſubmiſſion,
Firſt ſtroak'd his cravat, nevt twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, prefer'd his petition.
I'm come ſir, ſays he, to beg d' you ſee,
Of your rev'rend worſhip and glory,
To enter a poor baby with as much ſpeed as may be,
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before ye.
The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
Why lord, ſir, the corpſe it does ſtay;
You fool, hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.
Then Moſes he ſmil'd, ſays ſir, a ſmall child
Cannot long delay your intentions;
That's true, by St. Paul, a child that is ſmall,
Can never enlarge its dimenſions.
Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome d'you hear,
I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
Come, Moſes, the king, 'tis a ſcandalous thing
Such a ſubject ſhould be but a vicar.
Then Moſes he ſpoke, 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
Beſides, there's a terrible ſhower;
Why Moſes, you elf, if the clock has ſtruck twelve,
I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more.

Beſides, my dear friend, this leſſon attend,
Which to ſay, and to ſwear, I'll be bold,
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't hurt it is plain,
But perhaps you or I may take cold.
Then Moſes went on, ſir, the clock has ſtruck one,
Pray maſter, look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
A man for to go that can't ſtand.
At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
But firſt cram'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a jill, for fear they ſhould chill,
And then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.
When come to the grave, th' clerk hum'd a ſtave,
Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapt round the prieſt;
So droll was the figure of Moſes and vicar,
The pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.
Good people, let's pray—put the corpſe t'other way,
Or perchance I ſhall over it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare
A Mortuum Caput can't tremble.
Woman born of a man—no that's wrong, the leaf's torn
Oh! man that is born of a woman,
Is cut down like a flower, can't continue an hour,
You ſee, Moſes, death ſpareth no man—
Here, Moſes, do look what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd top-ſide down;
Such ſcandalous print, ſure the devil is in't
That this S——n ſhould print for the crown.
Here, Moſes, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead——(Amen, Amen)
Why Moſes, you're wrong; you fool hold your tongue,

You've taken the tail for the head.
O! where's thy ſting, death?—put the corpſe in the earth
For believe me 'tis terrible weather,
So the corpſe was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together.
Tol de rol, &c.

THE ROVING LASS.

LONG time a roving I have been,
But I am none the near,
Good cloaths I'll throw aſide,
To ſervice I'll repair;
And when to ſervice I have gone,
How happy ſhall I be,
I never will mind what men do ſay,
But ſhen their company.
How happy is that honeſt girl
That ſtays content at home,
And much the lives of thoſe,
To we poor girls alone;
For we poor girls are forc'd to rove
Abroad from place to place,
And ſo get into company
Which brings us to diſgrace;
For men do vow, ſwear, and promiſe,
Until they have got their end,
And when you are in diſtreſs,
No pity will they lend.

10 JU